

How touchingly sad and true is the following simple picture of human life, without the light of immortality upon it :

A little crib beside the bed,  
A little face above the spread,  
A little frock behind the door,  
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,  
A little blue-eyed face and fair,  
A little lane that leads to school,  
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,  
A little hand within his laid;  
A little cottage, acres four,  
A little old time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round,  
A little turf-heaped, tear-deewed mound;  
A little added to his soil,  
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;  
A little stool and easy chair,  
A little night of earth-lit gloom;  
A little cortège to the tomb.

## THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bags piled up in the corner of the capacious, old-fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieux. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls, who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about twenty-five, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, torment and tease of the whole family, and Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared, pottishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls," said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. "Perhaps you may one day discover that it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my absence."

"But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear," coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish off all cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville, and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea, remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his relatives. "At all events, there's one in calculable advantage that will result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"

"The fact that you've played your last trick on me, your tormenting little minx!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curly hair. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always covet Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, mademoiselle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge silver-bound spectacles in their case. "You young men are all in such a desperate hurry. Tell me to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And, Minnie, where is my old gold pen? I won't be long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip over Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his easy, red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down in that vicinity, and requested Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there is some one down stairs who wishes to see you immediately, for one minute."

"Very annoying!" said the old gentleman, "just as I was finishing this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterwards. Minnie, suppose you glance over it, and dot the 'i's and cross the 't's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in, with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down undeeded over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve-buttons, Olive! but, O! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only know it—and Cousin Jack too?"

# The Deaf-Guites' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y. THURSDAY, OCT. 21, 1875.

NUMBER 42.

What is Life.

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain this mysterious ride."

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than he expected, almost an hour—in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter.

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with *diablerie*. "But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it, with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter.

"It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be, and my impudent missive was gone, while the real *bona fide* letter lay there amongst a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't courage to confess my misdemeanors, papa is so opposed to my innocent little jokes—and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what will settle the business at once?"

"Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. "I'll send my daughter to you young man—that will settle the business at once!"

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly.

"What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

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## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor  
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
Clubs of ten, 1.25  
If not paid within six months, 2.50  
These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

40¢ Terms, cash in advance.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 21, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### Let Your Light Shine.

We would be very happy to hear from all Michigan, Minnesota, California, Oregon, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, and other correspondents, whether special or regular.

Some of them have been quite regular during the past year, but of late some of them have been a little slow in forwarding communications for the JOURNAL. We do not wish to find any fault, but we would like to hear from them oftener.

We would also be most happy to hear from all our subscribers and their friends. Many deaf-mutes who

think they can not write anything good enough to put in print, are capable of giving us numerous items of news, which would add to the value of the JOURNAL and be of interest to its readers. We

have a column devoted to brief deaf-mute items, under the heading of the "Itemizer," which nearly every one of our subscribers can help us fill up.

Those who do not wish to write much, can always think of some "mite," which, if they would send to us, would be of some worth to our readers. If you have succeeded in raising a large crop of grain; if you have an abundant harvest of fruit; if your mute neighbor has built a new house, or put up a big barn, or repainted his buildings and improved his premises, or anything of interest to the reading public it has transpired, let your friends know it through this paper. If a deaf-mute has met with a misfortune, or has been successful in his trade or profession, let it be known so that his friends may sympathize or rejoice with him or her as the case may be. What our readers might furnish for the use of our columns would oftentimes serve as an answer to a great many mental inquiries of the other readers. Then be communicative and let every one who can do so, add his or her item that shall help fill up our columns with original matters of interest to our readers in general, and to our deaf-mute readers in particular. None of our correspondents or subscribers need fear that they can not write correctly or that their letters will not be in grammatical shape. We always take the liberty to make all proper corrections. Give us the items written as plainly as possible, and we will put them in proper shape for publishing. Verily there is no one that can not send us some information worth printing in the course of a certain period of time. It is one of the greatest blessings of humanity to say something to entertain your fellow-readers.

### The Annals for October.

The most noticeable paper in the current number of this quarterly is that of Mr. E. M. Gallaudet on Deaf-mutism. It is a very readable one and will be treated in the JOURNAL in an article by itself. We have two contributions from deaf-mutes, a short one on "Teaching Deaf-mutes to Read," by Mr. D. H. Carroll, of Minnesota, and another headed the "Higher Education of Deaf-mute Women," by Miss Laura C. Sheridan, of Indiana. This may be an encouragement for the pens of other educated deaf-mutes. The opening article is a biographical sketch of the late Charles Baker, Ph. D., with a portrait. There we have a continuation of expoundings of the language of signs, which we pass without comment. Varied extracts from Institution reports and miscellany complete a pretty good number.

Miss Sheridan hopes that the time is coming when either the National Deaf-mute College will throw open its doors to deaf-mutes, regardless of sex, who seek a higher education, or that some establishment will be provided whereby deaf-

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY  
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

### Art Education.

THE STUDIO OF WOOD-CARVING IN THE PARIS INSTITUTION.

mute women can receive the intellectual advantages she assures us many of them crave. There is a kind of education the world is growing to see every woman needs; but it is not found in our female schools, colleges or universities. In the abstract, grave doubts are being entertained by men high in their respective callings, concerning this very high education of women—that is in the sense the term education is used. Volumes have lately appeared, notably Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education," a perusal of which will throw much light on the question.

To particularize: there is doubtless much that might and should be done respecting the "higher education of deaf-mute women," but it would hardly necessitate a course at the National Deaf-mute College, neither would it require a special institution for their instruction. But we are not prepared to discuss the subject thoroughly at present.

We notice the *Annals* has commenced to use its covers for advertisements, and this is a very marked improvement, giving its friends a new lease of hope for its future.

### Personal.

The Foreign Editor of the JOURNAL, Mr. Henry Winter Syle, was admitted a candidate for Holy Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Bishop and Standing Committee of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, on the 1st of July. He will be ordained deacon in a few months.

On the same day, at the Commencement of Trinity College, Hartford, Mr. Syle received the honorary degree of M. A. *ad eundem*—he being already a M. A. of Yale College. It was at Trinity that he began his college course, in the class of '67.

Trinity College, as was natural from its neighborhood to the American Asylum, the first institution in America, has had intimate relations with the profession of deaf-mute instruction. Among its graduates or students we find the names of two sons of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., and E. M. Gallaudet, LL. D.; two sons of Laurent Clerc—Rev. F. J. Clerc, D. D., and Charles M. Clerc, and Prof. O. D. Cooke, formerly of the Hartford and New York Institutions and now in West Virginia; besides Mr. Syle. It is worth noticing that all these gentlemen, except the first-named, were members of the same secret society, "Beta Beta." The Rev. Charles R. Fisher, rector of St. Paul's Church, Hartford, so well known as a hearty friend of the deaf, was also at Trinity, in the same class with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

### The New England Deaf-Mute Relief Bureau Swindle.

We are informed, by a reliable correspondent, who should have attended to the matter earlier, that the item, which we copied into our issue of Oct. 7th from the *Boston Herald*, gives a one-sided view of the subject. The facts are briefly these:

The grand jury of Newport, R. I., failed to find an indictment against William Acheson for collecting money on false pretences because the evidence convinced them that E. N. Bowes, the originator of the New England Relief Bureau, was the person who should have been arrested, Acheson being only a tool in the hands of Bowes. Acheson has suffered two months' imprisonment and had to pay out some five or six hundred dollars, all because Bowes, to save himself from prosecution, induced Acheson not to testify against him when brought to Boston as a witness. The New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, so far from being on a *bona fide* basis, is a concern devoted to relieving the pockets of a charitable public of money which is mainly applied to the personal benefit of those who compose the organization. In plain English, it is a swindle; with barely enough appearance of good to deceive people who do not stop to investigate closely.

The character of the men composing it precludes the idea of its being an honest affair, and it is a disgrace to the Boston mutes if they do not take some measures to stop its operations and expose it.

### "Want Out" for the Last Time.

Mr. A. H. Abell, principal of the institution at St. John's, New Brunswick, has favored us with a letter on the subject of the above phrase, to which we alluded some time ago. The letter is entertaining and instructive, and we regret we have not room for its publication. It would have been more appropriately sent to the *Silent World*, in which the first remarks on the phrase appeared; and possibly this was Mr. Abell's intention, as he directed his letter, though addressed to us by name, "Care of J. E. Elligood, Esq., 711 G St., Washington, D. C." Mr. Elligood will please accept our thanks for forwarding the letter; and Mr. Abell is respectfully requested, before writing us again, to look at the head of our columns and note the address of the JOURNAL.

H. W. S.

desired general appearance—a difficulty which is surmounted in a remarkably short time.

In most work-shops of wood-carving, the different ornaments intended for one article of furniture are executed by different workmen, and the whole is fitted together by yet other workmen, in another department. The carver thus rarely if ever have an opportunity of judging of the effect of their own pieces of work. But when the artist knows beforehand the place to be occupied by the piece he has on hand, he works to better advantage; an instructive feeling guides his hand so as to produce an article which will harmonize with the whole whereof it is designed to form a part. This is merely an *advantage* to the hearing workman; to the deaf-mute, it is a *necessity*. There is, accordingly, an accomplished cabinet-maker employed in the studio of carving, whose duty it is to put together the finished work, and adjust to their proper places the separate ornaments coming from the hands of our young artists.

These youths imitate well, it may even be said admirably; but he who imitates servilely and step by step will never be more than a copyist; the true artist imitates, indeed, but in such a manner as to produce a new effect, of his own determining.

Wood does not yield itself readily, as does clay, to the thousand caprices of the hand which is guided solely by the fancy. There is therefore great benefit derived from modelling in plaster, subjects which the pupils do not have occasion to reproduce in wood; making them reproduce the designs first in low relief, then in half and finally in full relief; and teaching them by signs or by writing, the rules governing the degree of projection to be given each part of the subject.

Finally, their power of originating is exercised by allowing them to work, once a week, at some subject of their own choice—a figure, a medallion, or a group—which they have themselves designed. These articles, at the end of the academic year are to be examined by a "jury" who shall determine which shall have the honor of a place in the museum of which we will speak in a moment. It is unnecessary to remark upon the emulation excited among the pupils, and the importance of the results achieved towards the thorough attainment of this art. But it must be understood that this privilege is allowed only to such pupils as display imaginative powers, who have *ideas*; and the number of such is necessarily very limited.

In conclusion, M. Theobald expresses deep regret that all mementos of those among the pupils of former days who had distinguished themselves by their handiwork, should have perished, and the recollection thereof should exist among the younger generation only by tradition. In fact, the greater number are unaware that many of those who stood at the work-bench before them, had attracted notice by their talent, and had won an enviable position in society.

To keep alive these traditions and to excite a spirit of emulation among the young pupils by placing before their eyes the best works of their former schoolmates, it is proposed to form in one of the saloons of the establishment, a kind of museum in which there shall be permanently placed on exhibition such articles made by pupils as are judged worthy of the honor, and also all works of art produced by deaf-mutes which the Institution is able to procure. The project deserves warm approval; and we may augur well of the results it will produce.

Thus far, M. Theobald, we need add nothing, except to command the establishment he describes, and above all the principle governing its management, to the serious consideration of our readers, whether they be officers or pupils of an Institution, or men and women grown, striving to make their own way in the world. Various solutions of the problem have been attempted during these twenty years, but they have perfectly satisfied neither the professors who desire to present graduates sufficiently instructed, nor the master-workmen whose ambition it is to turn out expert handcraftsmen.

In the Paris Institution, the importance of each branch of education is admitted, and the attempt is made to reconcile their claims. After the fourth year of their term, the pupils work in the shop which they choose, with the consent of their families and of the administration of the institution.

An eminent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the leading magazine of France—M. Maxime Ducamp—habitually cautious in praise and liberal of criticism, yet speaks approvingly of the manual dexterity and faithfulness to the original, shown by the boys in the studio of wood-carving. This studio is the most interesting to a visitor, of all the mechanical departments. The excellence attained is justly ascribed to the principle adopted by its chief, M. Rigal. He does not attempt to introduce his pupils, in the short time available, to all the branches of his art. Such a policy would be disastrous, and above all the principle governing its management, to the serious consideration of our readers, whether they be officers or pupils of an Institution, or men and women grown, striving to make their own way in the world by the practical cultivation of art.

Year. Inches. Year. Inches.

1866 7.3 1871 1.2

1867 2.3 1872 3.3

1868 1.4 1873 2.9

1869 3.8 1874 2.5

1870 3.7 1875 4.2

Since the 17th ult. we have had chilly nights and cloudy, rainy days; in fact, the weather-wise folks call this real equinoctial weather.

We have been saved from a killing frost for several nights by the protracted spreading above us of a cloud blanket each morning between midnight and sunrise. Looking back as far as 1870, I find the severe frosts of autumn have occurred as follows:

In 1870, Oct. 19; 1871, Sept. 21; 1872, Oct. 24; 1873, Oct. 15; 1874, Oct. 15.

Frosts usually hunt in couples, the stronger behind the weaker, and the morning of the 1st instant we had a severe frost on low lands, killing all tender vegetation. On sheltered and elevated situations no marks of frost could be observed.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, Oct. 1875.

The immense sales of HALE'S HONEY or HONEYHOUND AND TAR proves that the people consider it the only sure remedy for coughs, colds and all pulmonary diseases. Sold by all druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

### Proceedings of the Bellville Convention.

The Wimples' Poisoning Case.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y., Oct. 16, 75.

Mr. HUMPHRIES.—The trial of Nelson Cool and Emma Wimples for the murder of my son, Charles Wimples, who died on March 19, 1875, from poison supposed to have been administered by them, has just taken place. The jury came into court-room this morning at 8 o'clock, and rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. They were sentenced by Judge Baker, to be hanged on the 26th day of November, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

H. M. WIMPLE.

The clothing store of Klock, Crouch and Begley was entered by burglars, October 15, and clothing valued at about \$100 was stolen.

### Was it a Hoax or a Blunder?

A postal card was sent to us last week without a signature, requesting us to hereafter send our exchange to the *Silent World* to 92 South Broadway, Baltimore, Md., which would appear that the office of that fortnightly periodical had been removed from Washington to Baltimore. The author of the missive of course meant to hoax us, or else he was too absent-minded to sign his name. We shall continue as usual to send our exchange for the above-named paper to Washington till we have unquestionable authority to do otherwise.

### A Case for Sympathy.

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 11.—Mary Welsh, a deaf-mute woman, mother of three children, to-day was taken in charge by the police after an obstinate resistance. She had in her arms a six month old child which had been dead for three days, and which she refused to part with. It is thought grief at its loss made her insane. She threatened to kill herself and the remaining children if the dead child was not restored. She will be sent to the asylum to-morrow.

### About Steel Pens.

Few persons doubtless are aware of the fact that the original inventor of Steel Pens is still living. Sir Josiah Mason, now the great pen manufacturer of Birmingham, England, enjoys that distinction. He is now very old, being above eighty. It is in his great factory that several of the most popular of the widely famed Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens are made, the models being supplied by the proprietors of the pens, Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., the Educational Publishers of New York. The Spencerian Pens have attained their great popularity from a variety of reasons, all of which will be apparent to any one who may try them. Of one number alone more than six millions were sold last year. We use them in our office, and are so well pleased with them that we have no hesitation in saying that they are, in our opinion, superior to any other article of the kind with which we are acquainted. Their chief characteristics seem to be flexibility, elasticity, durability and evenness of point, and a nearer approximation to the real quill action than has been heretofore attained in a steel pen. The Spencerian pens are comprised in fifteen numbers, all differing in flexibility and fineness of point, and for the convenience of those who wish to try them Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York, will send by mail a sample card, securely enclosed, containing one each of the different numbers, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Finally, their power of originating is exercised by allowing them to work, once a week, at some subject of their own choice—a figure, a medallion, or a group—which they have themselves designed. These articles, at the end of the academic year are

## New York Institution Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

During the month of September, the weather has been so changeable and rainy that most everybody has had his or her turn in having a cold, that lasted a day or so, but now we enjoy the most lovely sunsets and moonlight evenings with bright sunshiny days. The institution looks brighter and more cheerful than ever, for Dr. Porter has improved every opportunity and spared no efforts to have everything provided for the health and comfort of the inmates.

The new hospital, which is at a safe distance from the institution buildings, is in complete order and looks very neat and comfortable, being provided with a kitchen range, hot and cold water, bath-rooms, gas, etc., so that in case of contagious diseases appearing among the people of the institution, they may be prevented from spreading by immediately separating all doubtful cases from the rest, in the general hospital and yet they will enjoy all the comforts to be found in a well regulated hospital.

So far the health of the inmates has been remarkably good, notwithstanding the large number of pupils—namely, males, 296; females, 206; total, 502. And they continue to arrive almost every day. The pupils, with very few exceptions, were very prompt and early in returning, and the number of new pupils is unusually large. Some of the little ones are remarkably bright and beautiful, and it is very interesting to watch them when at play, or in the schoolroom, where they improve so rapidly as to astonish their friends and visitors.

Among the visitors this term were Prof. J. D. Pyatt, of Philadelphia, and Mr. McGill, of New Orleans, and three students from Japan who are attending Columbia College, all of whom expressed themselves as much pleased with the general appearance of the institution buildings and grounds, and the progress made by the pupils.

The New York Institution is exceedingly fortunate in having such a Principal as Dr. I. L. Peet, who, born and brought up among deaf-mutes, has devoted his whole life to the noble work of educating them, and having had such an example as his father, the great and good Dr. H. P. Peet, he has done everything possible to improve and invent systems of teaching the young deaf-mutes, who are now making rapid progress in his new system of object lessons, which are giving great satisfaction.

Your correspondent, Civis, in the JOURNAL of Oct. 7th, after giving a very glowing description of the new ventilator and gas burner in the chapel, says, "The painters have left behind, elegant paintings which are almost beyond description." I have been searching all over for them but could not find anything of the kind, and would be much obliged if Civis would tell us where the painters put them; for they certainly are not visible in the chapel, though that is greatly improved by the ventilator and handsome gas burner, but not to the extent that he leads one to suppose when he mentions "elegant paintings."

Outside the institution the grounds look very beautiful, with bright flowers blooming in front, which the ladies of the institution take so much pride in cultivating.

The new road directly in front of the institution is nearly finished, and the contractors will soon be hard at work on the Kingsbridge road—where the gate of the institution opens—which road they are making wider. Saul's Hotel, close by the gate, is now being taken down, while the house opposite, which stood at the forks of the road, as well as several others, has been removed.

On Saturday, Sept. 25th, the Hudson base ball club, composed of pupils of the institution, played a match game with the Brooklyn Burlesque club, and were beaten. But on Saturday, Oct. 2d, they obtained a signal victory over the same club.

On Oct. 9th the Fanwood Literary Association held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following were then elected: President, T. H. Jewell; Vice Presidents, W. B. Magill and J. W. Conklin; Secretary, S. Sinclair; Treasurer, R. B. Lloyd; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Directors, E. B. Nelson, J. Hogan and H. D. Reaves; Readers, C. W. VanTassel, Z. F. Westervelt, W. A. Jackson.

J. H. Caton, the deaf-mute boy, who lost his sight by the small-pox last November, has returned to the institution and attends school with his deaf-mute schoolmates, who show him every attention and kindness. As he is bright, quick to learn, cheerful and patient he is surrounded by devoted friends who do all in their power to make his lot less sad than it would otherwise be. He is happier here than he could be anywhere else, for he has seen all the beauties of the place, knows the way all over the house and remembers just how the faces of his friends looked, but he cannot watch the expressions on the faces before him, nor note the changes made by time and care. So they will be the same to him as long as he can remember what he saw before the world grew dark so suddenly to him.

Last September, as one of the young lady-pupils of this institution was returning to school by way of the Long Island Sound, she noticed on board of the boat a young mute lady and gentleman who, from their freedom in the use of signs, appeared to think they were the only deaf-mutes present. Our friend being alone and a stranger to them, did not like to let them know she, too, was deaf. So she was entertained by seeing them tell the whole story of their recent elopement, and from the way they spoke she judged they were from a certain institution in another State. Among the remarks they made are the following:

Bride—"Oh what will mother say when she finds I have run away and married you? She will never forgive me."

Bridegroom—"Never mind what she says; she will forgive you and we will

all be friends again, and if she does not you need care, for I have got plenty of money and can take good care of you."

Bride—"What will they say at—," mentioning the name of the institution where they were educated.

Groom—"Never mind them; it's no affair of theirs. They may make a fuss, but it will soon blow over."

Bride—"Oh, do look at that girl opposite (meaning our friend), how green she must be to stare at us so."

Groom—"Never mind her, she doesn't know much, and you are twenty times prettier than she is."

Bride—"Let us go and visit the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes next week, I must see it, for it is so celebrated, and is worth seeing."

Groom—"Oh, yes, but we need not let them know that we are newly married, but let them think we have been married two or three years."

At supper the bridegroom ventured to ask our friend in writing, "When shall we arrive in New York?" and she replied in the same way, "At seven o'clock in the morning" at which hour they separated without discovering that our friend was deaf and not so green as they supposed.

### The Central New York Institution.

ATTENDANCE FIFTY-TWO.

Affairs connected with this institution are flourishing as usual. Our new house is rapidly approaching completion, and when it is ready we shall have more system and more accommodation. Meantime the work of the school is by no means interrupted. Each pupil gets his quota of excellent instruction, the physical as well as the mental. Every day, unless the weather declines to be propitious for the occasion, the play ground is in much demand, and it is a pleasant sight to see boys and girls returning therefrom with cheeks veined in crimson with the fallen leaves over which they gaily tread.

Principal Johnson and Prof. Seliney sometimes swing the bat and chase the ball, and doublets profit by the exhilarating exercise. Anyway neither show lack of energy, nor for the matter of it, does any officer connected with the school.

The city of Rome is an admirable location for the institution. Easy of access from most parts of the State, its internal advantages are many and marked. Its census total, eleven thousand, is just the size proper. There is not too much of the city hum and buzz, crowd, mirth and confusion; nor on the contrary is there anything of the village desert and monotony. It is simply the happy mean we often hear of; but seldom find. The situation of the institution buildings is a mile away from all railroads, so no running over of pupils is to be feared. Water there is in proper places, but no body near abouts large enough to drown a cat. And this reminds me that Mrs. Johnson lost a nice little pet kitten recently; lost, strayed or stolen, or among the numerous mysterious disappearances are the various verdicts; but certain it was she was not drowned.

Save your sympathy, reader—another cleaner, sweeter, duck of a kitten roams around the house and is found snoozing among the folds of your overcoat, if you leave it lying conveniently on a sofa.

But to return to the city. It is pleasant to walk along its broad and lengthy streets, all well graded and profuse in shade trees. Nor need you fear for your boots or the blacking thereon. The streets of Rome have about the best flagging of any city of its size in the United States. So Prof. S. does not complain of his walks to and from his hotel on the score of mud and wet, but he does growl at the distance. Then what lovely drives lead to and from neighboring towns. They are not neglecting you may be sure.

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A little girl came yesterday. Mary Johnson is her name. Her father, living in Madison county, happened to see the institution mentioned in his paper, and sensible like all the Johnsons, he didn't stop to make a round of inquiries, but, brought the little one right along, and she is now happy with her little playmates. We have a little one here, who, in features and characteristics of mind, bears a striking resemblance to Miss Tillie Freeman, whom many of your readers will remember. She has just such hair, and just such eyes, which latter is saying a good deal.

Several additional gentlemen have become life members of the institution during the month. Our attendance at this date is fifty-two.

C. S. M.  
Rome, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1875.

### Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Edmon—It has been some time since I have sent you a communication, and I doubt not some of your readers are wondering at the long silence of Old Hickory. Well, I will take up my bugle and begin to blow, although faint may be the sound thereof.

The school term reopened on the 9th of Sept., and there were present then 103 boys and 54 girls; the number has been increased by fresh arrivals, and now we have 220 pupils—about the usual number. Thirty-five new pupils have been booked.

In the intellectual department there has been one change. Miss Larned finding that her strength would not permit her to continue her avocation, resigned her charge at the close of the last school term. A sister of Mr. Job Williams has been appointed teacher, and assigned to the juvenile department.

Mr. Williams is in rather feeble health this term and is obliged to stay-away from his school, although he is, anxious to return to the duties of his post. His accomplished and beautiful wife seeing his condition assisted him by taking his place as teacher for a time.

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all be friends again, and if she does not you need care, for I have got plenty of money and can take good care of you."

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C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Mr. George L. Reynolds has, undoubtably, the privilege to send a letter of correction concerning any mistakes your correspondent here may accidentally make. But I question his right, in so doing, to attack the Sunnyside Social Club, of which your correspondent happens to be a member. And I would be pleased, hereafter when he makes corrections, if he would leave the Club alone, at least, so long as his remarks have reference to myself. It is not in good taste to make a side issue of the Club question, especially as it is one which, I think, he knows very little about. I do not court a personal controversy, and hope he will not force it on me.

CIVIS.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1875.

### Statement from Business Men.

TO THE PUBLIC OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.

The undersigned, some of the business men of Syracuse, assure the public that at no time has there been any danger of the Small Pox in the business portion of our City, and no Churches, Halls, Hotels or business places, have been closed, and no Schools, except temporarily in a remote part of the City, which are now open.

The disease is under thorough control—every place where it exists is under strong guard, allowing no intercourse with the outside. The main business portion of the City has been from the first and is now entirely free from it; the principal avenues leading to it are also free from it.

In confidence and upon our character as honorable men, deeply impressed with the importance of what we say, we declare it as our conviction that there is no danger in visiting the business portion of the City, and at least three-quarters of our City, where there is no case of this disease.

Dated Syracuse, October 8th, 1875.

D. McCarthy & Co.; Kent & Miller;

David Stevens & Co.; Calvin S. Ball, Jr.;

A. Ramsey & Bro.; S. P. Pierce & Son;

Everson, Frissell & Co., Pierce & Heagerty; Merchants National Bank; Filer & Smith; E. B. Croft & Co.; Coville & Morris; John H. Mann; H. G. Stone; Riche & Mayelle; Burhans, Black & Co.; Fitter & Butler; Connolley Brothers; Mechanics Bank; T. B. Fitch, cashier; J. Dean Hawley; Loose, Kaufman & Co.; C. W. Snow & Co.; Townsend & Grant; J. J. Stone & Co.; E. B. Griswold; Wadsworth & Gunn; Ash & Cole; Brown & Elder; R. G. Wynkoop & Co.; D. Valentine; Louis Windholz; Becker & Lathrop; Wilkinson & Co.; Morris & Co.; Poole & Hawkins; S. D. Richardson; Chas. J. Johnson; Fowler & Lyons; E. F. Rice; N. Peters, Bro. & Son; E. McDugal; C. E. Candee; Canoe House; C. W. Sherman & Co.; W. B. Herrick; E. G. Robinson; R. M. Beecher; W. P. Sabey & Co.; Bagg & Sears; Frank Martin; A. C. Cook; T. W. Durston & Co.; G. B. Pratt; I. H. Leyden; Merriman & Gregory; Broughton & Babcock; Bradley; Parshall & Co.; Hier & Aldrich; B. W. Soper; L. Schilling; Wm. Baumgrass; Swarthout, Ackerman & Co.; W. S. Peck & Bro.; M. C. Palmer & Co.; D. J. Leslie; G. Thalheimer; J. R. Whitlock; John L. Cook & Sons; Dickinson & Austin; VanWagenen & Brothhead; P. J. Brumkamp; P. R. Brewster & Co.; F. Wolf & Bro.; S. C. Hayden & Co.; S. A. Seager & Co.; J. W. Yale & Co.; Pease & Plaisted; Mathew Murphy; Milton S. Price.

### Thousand Island Park.

The Watertown Times of Thursday says:

Pursuant to a call of the Thousand Island and Camp Meeting Association, a meeting of the trustees, stockholders, lot-holders and others was held Tuesday and Wednesday, at Thousand Island Park. Parties from New York city, Utica, Syracuse, Rome, Watertown, and many other places were present, several of which purchased lots. All of the officers of the association have therefore appointed Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Hemiker, N. H., to receive the bequest. Some deaf-mutes are in hopes that it will fall into the treasury of the Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, which has lately been organized and is reported to be under way. But it is the hope of all good men that it will not fall among thieves.

William Acheson, who was arrested in Newport, R. I., and indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, was liberated on the ground that no satisfactory evidence could be presented against him. He only proved to have been accessory.

### OLD HICKORY.

#### Toronto Notes.

A very interesting and successful party came off on the 7th of October, at the residence of Mr. John Needham. Almost all the guests were deaf-mutes. A few speaking ladies were present. At the conclusion of the dancing, which was under the management of Mr. John Allen, Mr. John Ward, Jr., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivered in the sign language an able and interesting address, suitable for the occasion. It was listened to with marked attention.

Erratum.—In the article in the JOURNAL of September 23d, on the "Marriage of Deaf-mutes in Toronto," the name "Wood, Jr." should have been "Ward, Jr." The communication was sent by Mr. Richard Slater, a deaf-mute.

TORONTORIAN.

#### Little George W. Bouton.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1875.

## News of the Week.

Courtney rowed two miles in 13 minutes 14 seconds, at Aurora, Wednesday, the best single scull time on record.

The cotton crop is estimated at 3,850,000 bales.

The London papers unanimously express satisfaction over the October elections in that country.

Turkey and Servia are diminishing their forces on the Servian frontier.

Mr. Thorne, emigrant agent for Quebec, was instantly killed, Thursday, by a piano thrown from a burning building.

A colored picnic party from Brooklyn was assaulted by whites, Thursday, and Samuel Jackson killed and Henry Thompson fatally injured; seven arrests were

The St. Louis whisky ring offers to compromise with the government for \$35,000, which it is not likely the government will do.

Four Chippewas traveled four weeks, from Minnesota to Washington, to complain of their agent; they were told to return.

A party from Cornell University has dug up the skeleton of a mastodon at Lisle, Broome county, in a well preserved condition.

John T. Huss, cashier of the First National Bank of Tiffin, Ohio, committed suicide, Friday; he was a defaulter.

The Turks have defeated 2,000 Herzegovinians; seventeen insurgent villages have submitted.

Bishop Littlejohn has gone to Europe.

The Utes Indians in Oregon are growing troublesome.

At Senatobia, Miss., a political quarrel between J. H. Cooke and B. McHenry terminated in the death of the latter from knife wounds.

James S. Hastings, of Michigan, succeeds Sayville as agent of the Red Cloud agency.

Dated Syracuse, October 8th, 1875.

D. McCarthy & Co.; Kent & Miller;

David Stevens & Co.; Calvin S. Ball, Jr.;

## Children in Heaven.

Would heaven be heaven if there were no children there? Their presence on earth makes heaven here sometimes—make it so perfectly that we can but realize how desolate would be the future life without them. As well imagine it without flowers, stars, music, love, as imagine it without the fairest flowers, the sweetest love of all.

Often when we are happy to the heart's core, with our darlings clasped in our hands, pity comes like a strong tide for the desolate mothers, and a marvelling if death will not be to them the gate of pearl through which they shall see their lost children come springing to their arms—the gate of perpetual morning; and when our darlings are snatched from us, and our only joy is that hope which springs from death, like a white flower from a grave, we marvel with intenser search about the life of children there beyond the veil, and long to pierce the darkness that separates us, with a longing enough, it would seem, to be its own fulfillment. For of such is the kingdom of heaven, we say; and we can know no more about it. We can only know that for them trouble and pain are over. We sit in the shadow and sigh; they are in the eternal sunshine. Some great passing messenger of God has looked on our darling, and said:

"What hast thou to do with sorrow, or the injuries of to-morrow? Thou art a dew-drop which the moon brings forth, Ill fitted to sustain undimmed shocks, Or a gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives; But the touch of wrong, without a strife, Slips in a moment out of life."

Both religion and poetry have felt and acknowledged the power of such emotion as that with which we long to penetrate the mystery surrounding the dead child, the little helpless being that has left our arms, and that we cannot imagine able to do without us; and in all times the genius of art has recognized the necessities of the heart. Look at that Madonna of Murillo's, with her foot upon the crescent moon, and the clouds of the upper sky rolling round her, the outlines of every rolling cloud breaking up into an infinity of baby faces; look at some Madonna of Raphael's with worshipping children forming the very air about her—does not art feel thus the demand of nature, and is not sound art the interpretation of nature, that is, of truth? And does not a demand that is universal bring its own fulfillment? Look again at those cherubs of Raphael's, the two that have taken the world's fancy particularly; little democratic souls leaning their dimpled elbows on the celestial ramparts, as if all the glory above and behind them were too familiar a sight to move them to any special wonder; you will find them in almost every house, in paintings on the wall, in prints within a book, enamelled on a brooch, carved over a mirror—living illustrations, as it were, of the want answered in every one's heart, the acquiescence given by every one's reason.

At first those of us who have lost these treasures that we had indeed laid up on earth, and that made earth so bright, are able to feel nothing but the agony of our loss; but when the wound is less sore, the smart less tingling, under the slow and gentle healing hand of time, we are able to be thankful that we had even the short period of bliss held in their little lifetime, are able to cry with the poet:

"Oh, when the moon grows slowly dim, And when the oil is nearly spent, One gush of light these eyes will bring, Only to think she came and went!"

And then at last we receive a vivid consolation in the thought of the dear things lost here, but found there; we take a positive pleasure in dwelling on the thought of our darlings in that divine air which we can only locate as somewhere in the upper calm which reigns above the clouds and winds; of the little ones so acquainted with the splendors of heaven that it is but home to them, while, well contented in the fostering care they have, they look out as happy children look from their earthly windows. Our castles in the air, whenever twilight comes, are of the moment when they shall greet us with the old glad cry, sweater music to us than any strain of the angels' song.

Alas, indeed we cannot portray heaven to ourselves without the multitude of children there, disporting themselves still with some of the old earthly pleasures; for being of the earth yet our selves, imagination uses earthly attributes: children tumbling here upon beds of roses standing here with their gold crowns on their heads, and waving their little martyr's palm, marching there under a shining cross through ranks of lilies only less white and pure than they; children clustered together and singing their hymns of praise; children gay with laughter—children's laughter, that richest, sweetest sound in all the great music's sphere of sound!—*Harper's Bazaar*.

## Facts and Fancies.

Maine has 14,000 Good Templars, distributed among 175 lodges.

Is a machine-girl much better than a hand maid? Yes; sew-much.

John C. Calhoun's last surviving child, Mrs. Clemson, died a few days ago at Pendleton, S. C.

They pay school mams \$1.25 per week in Wisconsin, but whether they "find themselves" is not stated.

It is said that when a girl is born in Indiana the unhappy mother begins to save money to buy a piano.

The London Board of Trade has just placed a police boat on the Thames to protect seamen from river thieves.

A young lady who had no time to sew for the hospitals spent three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poolie.

Franklin Pierce was the only President who went out of office with a Cabinet as originally appointed.

A special credit of 17,797,000 florins is demanded this year by the Austrian Minister of War to provide the army with new guns.

Admirers of royalty paid last year \$16,565 for the privilege of inspecting the British crown jewels in the London Tower.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to rap him up.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

Objection is made by a Western critic to female barbers "on account of the disastrous shave which Mrs. Sampson gave her husband."

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Mr. Norton, a Texas editor, has whiskers three feet long, and his wife has begged and begged of him to cut them off and let her have them for a mop.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of movable alphabets." He was simply a printer.

"Love is blind," said Miss Mary E. Chaney, the banker's daughter of Sedalia, Mo., as she marched up to the altar and allied her hand and fortunes to those of the blind leader of the town band, despite the strenuous opposition of her parents.

It was an old bachelor who declared that the conventional representations of a cherub was his idea of a model infant. "No nasty little lungs to scream with, no dirty little hands to meddle with, no horrid little feet to run about on—just a dear little pair of fluffy wings and a head."

In New York, last week, Louis Heuser, a pretty girl of fourteen, attempted to commit suicide by drinking a quarter of a pint of red ink. This sounds ink-ridable, but it is true. The physician didn't order her to a sheet of blotting pad, because he didn't think it would be write.

The question is again agitated, "Shall women be permitted to pass the hat in our churches?" A few years ago, when hoops were in vogue, the ladies couldn't "pass a hat" in the aisle without dragging it up the pew they entered. But the present style of dress permits them to pass the hat easily enough.

—Norris-town Herald.

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A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock at which time the bazaar will also be opened. In that evening opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the night. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season, for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes both near and far.

Sleighing will soon be here, an doubtless many are thinking of buying new cutters and sleighs. Geo. Penfield would like all such to visit his establishment, near Toronto Mills, before purchasing elsewhere. He feels confident that he can suit them in style, workmanship and prices.

See those wonderful Galvanic Electric Razors, \$50.00 worth sold in 4 weeks. Shaves itself. At COBB BROS.

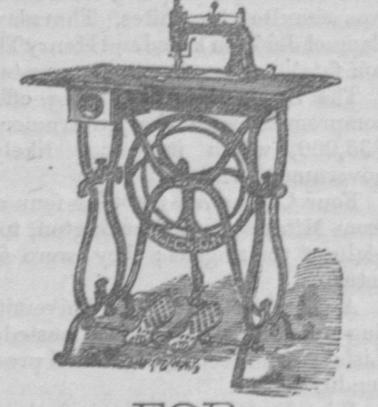
At the commencement exercises of Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., Prof. Smith told the young ladies that while he was not "prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would never be any difficulty in their finding situations as first mates."

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The question is again agitated, "Shall women be permitted to pass the hat in our churches?" A few years ago, when hoops were in vogue, the ladies couldn't "pass a hat" in the aisle without dragging it up the pew they entered. But the present style of dress permits them to pass the hat easily enough.

—Norris-town Herald.

It was an old bachelor who declared that the conventional representations of a cherub was his idea of a model infant. "No nasty little lungs to scream with, no dirty little hands to meddle with, no horrid little feet to run about on—just a dear little pair of fluffy wings and a head."

At first those of us who have lost these treasures that we had indeed laid up on earth, and that made earth so bright, are able to feel nothing but the agony of our loss; but when the wound is less sore, the smart less tingling, under the slow and gentle healing hand of time, we are able to be thankful that we had even the short period of bliss held in their little lifetime, are able to cry with the poet:

"Oh, when the moon grows slowly dim,

And when the oil is nearly spent,

One gush of light these eyes will bring,

Only to think she came and went!"

And then at last we receive a vivid consolation in the thought of the dear things lost here, but found there; we take a positive pleasure in dwelling on the thought of our darlings in that divine air which we can only locate as somewhere in the upper calm which reigns above the clouds and winds; of the little ones so acquainted with the splendors of heaven that it is but home to them, while, well contented in the fostering care they have, they look out as happy children look from their earthly windows. Our castles in the air, whenever twilight comes, are of the moment when they shall greet us with the old glad cry, sweater music to us than any strain of the angels' song.

Alas, indeed we cannot portray heaven to ourselves without the multitude of children there, disporting themselves still with some of the old earthly pleasures; for being of the earth yet our selves, imagination uses earthly attributes: children tumbling here upon beds of roses standing here with their gold crowns on their heads, and waving their little martyr's palm, marching there under a shining cross through ranks of lilies only less white and pure than they; children clustered together and singing their hymns of praise; children gay with laughter—children's laughter, that richest, sweetest sound in all the great music's sphere of sound!—*Harper's Bazaar*.

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